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HEART-SERVICE.

The baptismal rite is over. And again
Uprisen from her crystal font of clouds,
With moist lip eloquent of gratitude
All nature smiles. Lo, in what varied incense
She breathes the tribute of her thankfulness
To Heaven, for its most gentle benison!
Mists, gorgeous with the aslant-shooting sun
Veiling in fleecy gold yon Western mount,
Shapes, motions, tints, a perfect mirror each
For some exquisite elf of loveliness
And grace, to see itself delineate in—
From her full laver, pouring around us
Thro' a thousand instrumental lips, one
Copious and continuous flood of feeling.

How sincerer more express this worship
Than the vain show, liturgic formulas,
Stiff ceremonial of thankless man!
Fancy reverts in swift comparison
To the gay splendor of some temple-dome
Bedecked in all the livery of joy.
How proudly swells the emulative roof
To the full tide of music! O'er the soul,
Amid the influxes of pomp and show,
Full many an organ-pipe, most voluble,
Is pouring its delicious witchery—
Drowning devotion in the ecstasies of sense.
How strange, yea it is wonderful, that man
Should delegate to sound and ceremony
That which by birthright is the heart's alone.

These do but pander to the sense. And we
Mistake the fine delirium of the soul
Dilating and attuning it to thoughts
Of lofty import, for the true worship.

If God delights in temples and the heart
Articulate thro' symbols—let Nature
Throw wide her portals to my willing feet,
For she is God's own temple, and her breath
Is fresh and pure, and faithfully records
To Heaven's bright eye, all uttered worship.
Be her deep utterances organ-tones
To register my prayers and praise, for they,
Unlike the pleasing melodies of Art,
Transport, exalt, and lift the soul to God.
In lieu of groined sky, and orient show
Of imagery and magnificence,
The lofty doorway and the tesseled floor
Ornate—behold yon pensile dome of blue
Suspended with its drapery of clouds
Like some aerial vision, this Iris
Rearing its painted arch-way, and beneath
Luxuriant in its garniture of green
The gladsome earth.

In such sanctuary
Where all things do so elevate the soul
And plume it for devotion, where the life
The spirit, is most catholic, and one
Befitting such high fellowship—methinks
The insincere and hollow devotee
Dares not intrude his solemn mockery.
'Tis sacrilege; and his freighted accents
Wanting the heart—attempered buoyancy
Of Heaven-winged messengers, and equipment
For their aerial mission, prone earthward
Fall without an echo. Or, wandering o'er
The ambient sea of Nature—uttered prayers
Ascending, like an exhalation, from
The fervent face of things, find no resting place.
Not so the first-fruits of the earnest soul,
He, prophet-like, looks upward through the types
Of Nature, and by most easy ascent
Through these appointed chariots of fire,
His prayers, Elijah-like, ascend to Heaven.
To him there is divine similitude
In every leaf. Deep-voiced Niagara
Speaks through her Iris-woven veil of mists
In accents, like a God. Her rolling orb
Of waters, from beneath the uplift veil,
As from the sleepless lid of Deity,

O'erwhelms him by its omnipresent ray,
He is the priest of Nature, and her tides
Whether of beauty or sublimity
Gush over him, like the seer's aflatus.
A fervent but untutored worshipper
Upon the threshold, he has felt his soul
Unfolding its full petals to the dawn
Of Nature's hallowed influence, and his lip
Touched as by live coals from her altar, *felt*,
And the high seal of his commission, knew.
Now throned a Python in this temple-earth,
This central Delphi of the universe,
Yielding to every impulse he ascends
The tripod, and in garb of poesy
Makes known his sacred, soul-wrought oracles.
No wonder that the ardent soul of man—
Seeking in dress of something palpable,
In Parthenons and Belvederes, epics
In marble, and the teeming prodigies
Of fable and uncouth mythology,
To body its abstractions—has ever
Invested with distinctive sanctity
The poet's utterance, and around him flung
The breathing symbols of Divinity.
His credentials were within him, and they spoke
Through the warm, living, fervid tide of song
To every heart—as springs through granite lips
Speak to the thirsty, way-worn traveller.

The chastening wand of Science has stripped off
The classic tinsel of the olden time
Revealing Nature in her symmetry
And just proportion. Her brutal forces
Have ceased to work at caprice, the blind slaves
And ministers of Evil, but to laws
Which Evil cannot, dare not, contravene
Obeyant stand. Around us every where,
Like gossamer fabrics when the morning sun
Dissolves the dew-work from their tissues frail,
The myriad deities of earth and air
Have vanished—and no re-occurring night
From its dank urn of dews, shall reconstruct
Those fabrics. 'Twas a mighty phantom-world
Most airy in its texture, yet withal
Based on the firm material of truth
Unhewn, unshapen—shadow and substance
Strangely interwoven. With the strong spell
Which reared it, that phantom superstructure
Has perished. The plastic hand of Science
Seizing upon the residue of truth
A fragmentary mass, remoulding it,

Has built thereon no ideal edifice
But from the Parian quarries of the mind
A veritable, life-breathing temple
Instinct with more than Phidian beauty.
Each stone in that grand structure is a Truth,
Cut, hewn, and polished by the tempered edge
Of Genius, thro' long centuries of toil.
And fitly prominent, they each and all
Do singly and unitedly conspire
To grace, adorn, and beautify the whole.
The well-earned harvests of a thousand minds
Chaffless and tareless, in their purity
Are garnered there. Truths that had slumbered long
In the great embryo soul of man, amid
The rank luxuriance of its Tropic soil,
Now culled and grafted in one common stock.

Thus with Poesy. Its glowing emblems
Like the frail mythos of primeval time
Have perished, but the fact they shadowed forth
Lives in its beauty. What though no temple
With its holocausts and altars, its belt
Of burning symbols and its votaries,
Now shines the poet? These are but phantom—
They are an extinct language—a vesture
Which the untutored feelings of the heart
Did once assume, have now cast off. Reason
Has checked the unreined fervours of the soul
Retrenching their expression. She has taught
A dialect more chastened—more severe.
The uncouth offspring of Egyptian art,
Stupendous Hieroglyphs, embodying
Sublimely vague conceptions—have yielded
To a Dorian alphabet of forms
Less vague, more real in expression. Erst,
The incarnations of the poet's soul
Falling with wondrous power on human hearts
Stirred up a whirlwind which impulsively
Bore him above all terrene things to Heaven—
Made him a God. Reason has quavered down
The rough, rude whirlwind, and the poet stands
Confessed, in attitude and attributes a man.

However then the old mythologer
Erred in his misplaced worship—his ascriptions
Do teach most plainly, that the human heart
Is the true poet's battle-field, whereon
He wars and wields wide-handed empire. Hence
That his vocation is no common one
But God-ordained, and from remotest times
Sealed and attested by the soul of man.

The philosophic mind, trained to trace out
First causes to their sequences, and skilled
In all the logic of laborious thought ;
Or in the pastime of more languid hours
To follow Fancy in its devious flight—
Needs not the poet's lay. Most richly he
Quaffs from the primal fountains of all song
And scorns the medium of interpreter.
Cradled in lap of contemplation sage,
Inured to high emprise, his soul has shed
Its first-fledged plumage, no longer topples
In its flight, and dauntless and undizzied
Essays untrodden heights—surveys unfathomed depths.

Not so the busy world. Its grosser cares,
Monotonous routine of toil and traffic,
Self-interest, and the balancing of dues,
Seal up the finer inlets of the soul
And blunt its subtler faculties. Unused
To grapple with the unseen, and peruse
Its fleeting images, or converse hold
With the big, meaning thoughts that oft-times steal
Unbidden through the chambers of the mind
Like instinct prophet-tongues—the toil worn man,
Thus visited in his hours of pensive ease,
Needs much the mirror of the poet's soul
To picture what he vaguely feels. Therein
Reflected, the chaos thoughts within him
Stand out in beauty, syllabled and sung.
Hence does it happen that poetic power
Has ever challenged at the soul of man
Instinctive homage—that it thus sets forth
Intelligibly with tongue of music
The else dumb feelings of the human heart.

OSGOOD.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

ONE of the sweetest and purest pleasures of life, is that of reflecting on the delights of by-gone days. It is a pleasure often indulged in, and enjoyed by all, for there is not an intelligent being but possesses the faculty of memory, that power or ability of the mind of originating or recalling

certain conceptions, which are modified by a perception of their relation to time and place.

Although it be true, that memory often recalls scenes and images that the mind would fain forget, yet these bear so small a proportion to those of happiness and joy, that all are wont to look back with pleasure to the moments of brightness that gleamed on their gloomiest career, and dwell upon the scenes of delight and innocence sprinkled over the spring time of their existence. Little is he to be envied who cannot look back with pleasing emotions to the days of his childhood, when his heart bounded with delight as he beheld the floating cloud, or watched the rainbow, form and melt away—or when with youthful glee he trimmed his barge and skimmed across the bosom of the bay—explored the margin of the stream, or clomb the flowery hill, or chased the fawn upon the tufted steep.

But where is to be found the man, after a long absence from his home, returns to his native vale, and as he visits his boyhood haunts or saunters through the grove and sees his name engraved upon the trunk of some old tree by his own youthful hand, the limped brook in which he angled, the school house and the green on which he turned the top and tossed the ball with the companions of his youth, that does not feel himself a boy again? Every scene is fresh, his heart leaps up with joy, indulgent memory bids them awake and again they live.

Memory is closely allied to association, and in fact necessarily supposes the existence of it. It is by this power that she often calls up thoughts and feelings that had slumbered in forgetfulness for years. It is the opinion of many that none of our thoughts are wholly lost, that they continue virtually to exist, and that the soul possesses within itself certain laws which, whenever fully brought into action, enable it to produce the prompt and perfect restoration of the acts and feelings of its past existence. Be this as it may, we know that as time passes away and new scenes and situations occupy us, many of our past feelings and actions appear to be clothed in impenetrable darkness—but suddenly some unexpected event, the sight of a landscape, wood or waterfall, the countenance of a long forgotten friend, or even some slight memento arouses the soul, and as from chaos spring the recollections of our by-gone days.

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain,
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise,
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

It is on this principle that when we gaze upon the portrait of a long-lost friend, and trace the outlines of the picture, the canvass glows and every feature lives. The aged sire leaning on his staff watches a game at play—lingering on the scene, his blood grows warm, he forgets his age and when the halloo is raised lifts his staff and shouts the loudest in the group.

Even in sorrow the reflections of the past are often full of joy, comfort and pleasure. Mark the sadly-pleasing tear as it steals from the pensive widow's eye; why clasps she so fondly to her bosom the babe that often makes her weep? She clasps it firmer still, for in its infant face she traces the father's features. Who can forget the classic story of the faithful daughter of Ithaca when she entered the armour chamber of her long absent Lord, and beheld the gift of Iphitus? again she saw her loved Ulysses.

"Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,
And pensive sat, and tears began to flow."

This principle is not only displayed in man, but even in the lower orders of the animal creation. Why starts the war-worn courser at the clangour of the trumpet or the beating of the drum and wheels as if again in the close phalanx? When the traveller who for years has buffeted the mountain storm, and time altered his features, returns to his home, though the servant should refuse him entrance, the faithful dog forgets him not, he bounds to kiss his feet, and tells with mute eloquence his joy.

The pleasures of memory are not only excited by external objects, but often the sweetest recollections are awakened from internal causes or reflections, when far from the scenes or objects that gave rise to them. He whom the billow bears to distant lands, by the aid of memory sits at home and sees the wood, the orchard, the moss-edged spring of his own cottage home, hears the cherub voices of his little prattlings as they sport beneath the shade of the old house elm.

Take the shepherd boy from the mountain fold, put upon him the blue jacket and let him sail on the main for years, will he forget the hills and steeps he clomb in boyhood, the

bleating of the sheep, the pattering of the waterfall? Though on the deep often will he feel himself "half a shepherd boy" and when he climbs the tarry ropes behold on the calm wave his native mountains, the flock he used to tend,

"And shepherds clad in the same country gray,
Which he himself had worn."

We have touched upon the pleasures of memory in recalling the scenes and situations of the past. But she hath pleasures of a higher and a more exalted kind. It is she alone that can enrich and fertilize the soul by preserving what our mental powers from time to time collect. Every other ability of the mind must borrow its beauty and perfection from her. Imagination and fancy, however active, or vivid they may be, must depend upon her agency for every effusion. And even in their noblest efforts can but abstract, arrange, augment and diminish the materials which she has collected, to form their airy beauties and create the ideal. In her hand she holds the keys of science and sits portress of her holy cell. Without her aid all knowledge would be transient as the cloud, as evanescent as the morning dew. The past be all a blank—the present scarcely known.

Even when reason resigns her reign to madness and the soul is consigned to the power of a distempered imagination she often revives past perceptions and awakens that train of thought which was formerly most familiar. Mark in yon grated cell, where scarce gleams the light of day, lies the wreck of genius. Poverty with her withering scowl, her cold and icy grasp unnerved him as he fondly grasped the wreath of fame; hope took her flight and all his energy was gone. But memory returns and lights up the gloomy chambers of the soul; now his bosom heaves with emotions of joy; his countenance brightens; the bloom is on his cheek, and gladness in his eye; what bright ideas start from the dark damp wall? he sees his phantoms of delight, past scenes revive, long forgotten images glow and breathe before him; he clanks his chains, and springing claims again the amaranthine wreath.

The reflections of the past are most pleasing to the man of a well regulated mind, whose days have been

"Bound each to each by natural piety,"

Memory binds the past with links of endearment never to be broken. He looks back and finds no image of the past that fears the touch of memory's pencil, but all his actions are clothed by her in brighter hues, retirement looks hourly upon the soothing scenes of his existence and feels a heavenly contentment as she steals to the nook of reflection.

But is the magic influence of memory only felt by man? She dwells with spirits purer in a nobler sphere. Here her delights are but faintly imaged, there quick as the landscape is painted on the vision, or darts the lightning from the cloud, the whole creation, from the time it merged from chaos, is brought to view; again the morning stars together sing and the sons of God shout aloud for joy.

Hail memory hail! blest boon of heaven to men,
By thy immortal power all lives again,
Old scenes revive, the present and the past
In magic links are bound together fast.

ZELO.

POWER OF PURPOSE.

A CHERISHED object, perseveringly pursued, is the secret of success. Can the boatman who opens his sail to the breeze and binds down the wheel of his helm, hope, while he revels with mess-mates below, or watches from his deck the plumage of the birds which follow his track, and the gambols of the fish which play about his ship, that the ever changing winds will waft him to his chosen harbour? No less does man, if he would aim at any end, need to tack at every turning of fortune, to strain every cord to encounter adverse winds; no less diligently does he need to watch every star of hope, or gathering cloud of storm; to mark his bearing and observe the strictest reckonings. Will the winds fail to float us over the sea safely and surely without our effort? Why then should any of us reckon to pass through the diverse currents a long life encounters, meet its trade or tropical winds, be exposed to false fire-beacons and wreck-robbers, yet hope to gain a harbour of high latitude, and difficult of reaching, whilst we are listless as the shaken leaf or stupid to purpose as the day-lasting insect?

How this cherishing an object, be it what it may, draws out the soul's energies to deeds its purposeless hours never dared dream of, every one has seen. It is this which inspires that rapt enthusiasm, which raises a mind above the wants and weaknesses, that trammel other men. It is this, the determination to reach a far onward goal, that leads men to pass hastily by the nectar cup offered by love, the chalice which pleasure proffers, leads it, with tireless assiduity, to trip lightly over toil-giving knolls, and to wade quickly through marshes of trouble where the uninspired flounder and sink.

We never think of bestowing pity upon a man, who, whatever befalls him, is moved and inspired by an all-engrossing purpose. We would expect him to scorn it as he does the difficulties which may thicken about him: for that pressing purpose, binding up the soul's energies in the pursuit of its chosen object, has power to wrap his heart about with a casement impervious to the rain showers of sorrow or even the waves of a laving, lashing sea of trouble. Among all the claimants of men's sympathies, the thought, in their compassionate hours of such an one, finds no place. "What if he be poor," they say, "his happiness is not dependent upon the things which please other men." While they are lazily lurking in the valley, he toils to the hill-top where he scents a purer air, and looks off upon the world with a loftier independence. Is his couch hard? it tempts him not to needless repose. Do his temples throb and his eyes grow weary while the wasted taper flickers, and other men rest? Pity him not: he needs no pity: the excitement which fevers that brow is his richest food: those wakeful efforts of deepest abstraction are his sweetest sleeps. Such is the reasoning by which sympathy, while it is sent forth freely to the captive in his chains, the sick in their chambers, and to those deeply troubled with worldly cares: while it is bestowed even upon the worn out profligate or the emboldened courtesan, is yet forbidden to visit with one soothing solace, the man whose cares are compensated by the inspiration of an absorbing purpose. And as there are few dead seas which the winds may not stir, so there are few souls so passionless that the continued breezes of an earnest purpose may not move them to efficient action. As students, we have come up here from widely different quarters, to dwell for a season among books, and to prepare to go out

and mingle among men. We have brought with us stern energies nerving our limbs, and warm fire heating the blood of our young years. We most plainly want some definite and noble purpose which may direct these energies and whose achievements may be the fuel to these latent or kindled fires. We need a purpose founded upon elevating conceptions, which regard the restoration of man to that dignity in which the tempter found him; upon conceptions which strongly realize that whatever surrounds us of pleasure or beauty is but the sad wreck of something better. As the warmed imagination of the traveller standing by the ruins of some ancient temple, pictures its former majestic proportions, and peoples it with the living beings who once worshipped by the side of its crumbled altars, so must he who contemplates the ruins of our fallen temple-world, re-erect in accurate construction, upon those prostrate pillars of eternal truth, that mighty structure which the great Architect first framed; and must restore to it man in his original majesty, when the worship of his breast was like a string of the æolian harp, rendering forth sweet, responsive strains, as the spirit of the All-pervading breathes upon it. Then may he realize his work and his destiny, his end and aim, if he may be permitted to move a single stone in the re-construction of that sacred edifice, or to strike a single musical note in the recommencement of that harmony of primeval worship where man's voice not yet grown harsh, accorded sweetly with the tunefulness of the morning stars.

As intermediate ends to be applied to the heart's grand design we may well and worthily aim, intensely aim at success in literature, the sciences, and arts. When thus applied the most sneering cynic in the world could wish not one orator's eloquence stifled, one poet's lyre or songster's voice hushed; one painter's hand palsied, or sculptor's chisel broken. Converted to this great end, they shall help to relieve the woes that now thickly enough throng the earth: to hush the sighs that ascend from every dell, sought as a weeping-place by the broken-hearted; sweeten with fonder hope the farewell (now only bitter) of kindred spirits; and be instrumental in re-elevating truth's fallen pillars; of laying again above them the architraves of virtue, whereon rested the roof of perfect beauty, and of closing the breach of sin—the rent in the sacred vail, whereby God left his

temple. Let all then with conceptions of loftiest import, early adopt, long cling to, and perseveringly pursue some noble, powerful purpose, whose pulsations shall be felt with every breath and which shall guide every energy straightly onward to a glorious ultimate end.

A. B.

CONTENTMENT NOT LOCAL.

Coelum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt.

AMONG the many distinguished authors of the Augustan age, the author of this remark, occupied no ordinary station, and it is chiefly to the terseness of composition and soundness of wisdom, which characterises this passage, that his elevation as a writer must be ascribed. Though couched in the greatest simplicity and conciseness of language, yet only a glance at its import, is required to show that it involves great extensiveness of idea. It is also evident that it was not the author's intention, that its meaning should be circumscribed by the narrow limits of its literal reading; on the contrary, that it should bear equally as much upon *all* classes of persons, who, in quest of happiness, are continually shifting from one employment to another, as upon those "*qui trans mare currunt.*"

It is his design to show the futility of attempting to secure this universally desired prize happiness, by a life of unfixeness of purpose; by one that is continually drawn from its present occupation, to others seemingly more conducive to its aim, only because untried; in a word, that no contentment can be secured, so long as the pursuer's footsteps are not directed by the finger of virtue. Yea, so long as the light of integrity and uprightness sheds not its lustre within his bosom, so long will the smiles of true pleasure be veiled in impenetrable night. So long as the fountain of feeling and of thought is vitiated with the poison of vice, just so long will its streams be mingled with "*wormwood and gall,*" and hence every essay to slake his parching thirst in their unholy waters will prove abortive; every attempt, in their heated flood, to cool his burning brow, scathed with the

bolts of wretchedness, will prove ineffectual. In the present bearing, this subject is applicable to those we see around us in every day life. The statesman seeks this same treasure in the consummation of his ambitious projects; the lawyer, in the splendor of an unrivalled reputation; the scholar, in the profundity and accuracy of his learning; the philosopher, in deep research into the mysteries of the laws of nature; the merchant, in accumulating vast stores of gold; and some, in one way, and others, in another way: yet, unless other, than such sordid motives as actuate the mass of mankind, be the moving principle in this grand and mighty pursuit, the goal will never be attained.

But there are some, to whom this may be applied in its strictest bearing. One instance will suffice. It is not a very unfrequent occurrence, that we see men goaded by the sting of wretchedness, with unweeping eyes, tear themselves from their father-land and launch out upon the mighty deep, to seek in travel and in foreign clime, that repose of spirit, which neither friendship's warm hand, nor the charms of their earliest home can afford them. Let an unhappy wretch desert his home, whose every remembrance is linked with a thousand brilliant scenes of childhood's innocence and endeared by every youthful association; let every bond of friendship's holiest ties, every tendril of affection be torn, without remorse, from his unfeeling heart; and let him begin his long-desired journey with the most flattering prospects of attaining the desired end, yet he will not proceed far, ere he discovers that the skies do indeed change, but that no auroral flush breaks upon his darkened spirit!

Such may be his temperament, that he may hope to find something soothing and congenial in the wildness of the tornado and conflicting deep;—yet when gazing upon the furious uproar of the tempest-lashed and billow-rolling sea, and listens to the harsh dissonance of loudest thunder, mingled with the bellowing of old Ocean's deepest bass, he still feels that the awful chime is but discord; that in all nature's mightiest minstrelsy, no tone has been thrilled responsive to the desolate melody of his own gloomy spirit! Or, on the contrary, should nature's most breathless calm be more consonant with his exquisitely toned soul, he may traverse seas, o'er whose bosom the wing of the tempest has never yet sped its billowy way, and then too, as before, he

finds no lulling symphony. As the weary wanderer "wends his way" through the liquid waste, 'till some classic shore meets his gaze, now brightened for a moment, as its scenes of former days "float in dim beauty" through his mental gloom; though his melancholy may be dissipated for a moment, as through his memory flashes its blaze and pomp of other times, and as he recollects that the scenes, now before him, have been eternized in classic story; yet soon the novelty loses its charms, and his heavy spirit weighs him down to his former level. And long ere his anxious journey ends, he is taught the sad truth, that the gaiety of sunny France, the bright flowers and deep blue skies of Italy, the melting associations with the unfortunate land of Homer, and the holier landscapes of moon-lit Palestine, calm not the angry tumult of a wounded spirit.

Though he may revel, as he proceeds, in all the "pride, circumstance" and luxury of oriental courts; though he may enjoy the smiles of flattering monarchs; though he may horde up the wealth of India; though he may gather into his brilliant casket Golconda's purest gems: yet Happiness lends not *her* beatific smile. He still finds that he has been deluded; that he has been in pursuit of an unsubstantial shade, a mere wind-driven phantom, which will evermore elude his grasp. He still sees, although his skies have indeed changed, that no change has come

"Over the spirit of his dream."

W.

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIP.

"Friend after friend departs—
Who hath not lost a friend!
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end."

How different are the bright day-dreams of youth from the sober thoughts and views of mature years. In ripe manhood, a goodly part of three-score years and ten has gone by, and we must look back and think, too frequently, with pain and regret. Even in the short space between

youth and manhood, there are many little hopes and promises made to our own hearts whose disappointment goes far to dampen youth's elastic ardour, and raise doubts where before none had existed of the possession of that mental power which commands success in life. There is a change in the spirit of that dream which could see nothing in the future to shade the bright picture of success which fancy and hope had painted. Here is the difference between the world of youth and that of manhood, and hence those passions, the common heritage of man, change with time like the shades of our colour in different lights. A college is a world by itself, a small one it is true, but still a miniature world, almost perfect in its resemblance to the original. Passion, prejudice, and interest are here but the models of their counterparts in the big world around. Envy and hatred are with us in our petty struggles as they characterize the jostling and selfish race for the goals of after life. But there is something in our friendship, the strongest social tie of youth as of manhood, which is peculiarly interesting. Friendship distinguished from love is rarely felt in early youth. The reason is obvious; one is a sense, the other an attribute of mind. The idiot child will love its mother, but friendship is only experienced when the mind of its possessor is partially matured. The change from boarding-school or the domestic circle of home, is an era in the story of youth. The comparative independence and liberty, a new importance with its accompanying privileges awake in the mind a true conception of the present, with its circumstances, and the future with its responsibility. All this, with that great incentive to exertion common to all, the consciousness of being the object of trust, hope, and confidence to others, goes far to shorten the gap between the boy and the man; the stride is bold and sudden, and the change is great. Who has not felt it? The good and bad passions of the heart alike receive a new impulse, and like the weeds and flowers of the hot-bed, the victory belongs to that rival to whom previous circumstances have given the start. A new attribute is, as it were prematurely formed. The social tie of friendship, a strange faculty hitherto unknown, adding to the mind a variety of novel ideas, and, like a new toy to the child, is grasped at, and eagerly enjoyed.

There is an interesting beauty in the first dawn of those sympathies and affections which the world calls friendship. It is a "fragrant blossom that maketh glad the garden of the heart," and to know the flower from its first bud to the maturity of full bloom is a pleasant study. We see it less frequently in age than in youth, and here again the reason is obvious. The grasping care and selfish interest of after years darken and obscure the better sympathies of man's nature, and without these friendship cannot exist. But in youth, the entrance into the fair garden of life, when enjoyment makes the present a bright reality, and hope paints the future a brighter ideal, when there are no clouds but all sunshine; what wonder that the heart, free from selfishness is not satisfied with itself, but seeks the love and sympathies of others? Before experience and contact with the rough world has blunted its sensibility, we find more confiding and hence more sensible to unkindness.

"There is no anguish like the hour,
Whatever else befall us,
When one the heart has raised to power,
Asserts it but to gail us."

Friendship with us, should not, as it often is, be mistaken for something unworthy its name. I mean good fellowship. From this it is widely and materially different. Far more exalted and noble is that relation and attachment generated and cherished by mutual confidence, esteem, and singularity of taste and sentiment, than the merely social feeling of good fellowship, originating only in a selfish desire for pleasure, regarding everything as means to an end, and always susceptible of permanent rupture. College friendship may cease with the college course; but in after years it will be a hallowed spot in memory's waste, around which will be grouped many of the fond associations and recollections of youth.

"There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
Our path be o'er mountain and sea;
There are looks that will part from us only,
When memory ceases to be."

E.

HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS.

Come let us count the sunny hours, while the laughing sky's serene
Without a threatening cloud to mar the beauty of the scene ;
Let our sorrows leave no record, but be banished from the mind
As shadows o'er a placid stream that leave no trace behind.

To muse upon our sinking hopes, Time's tide too quickly flows,
Why linger then to count the thorns ere gathering the rose ?
If the present gives but little joy, from the future we must borrow,
So it Pleasure should depart to-day, why Hope may come to-morrow.

Why weep for that which perishes ? When fragrant flowers fall,
Can the kindest shower of summer their departed hues recall ?
Then like dials in the sunshine, this philosophy be ours,
To take no heed of darker days, but count the sunny hours.

M.

INDIVIDUAL THOUGHT AND ACTION.

EACH man is situated, as it were between two worlds, the external, including his own outward part and humanity around, and the internal, that miniature world which he has within himself. Generally he is altogether occupied by one of these, or constantly vacillating between the two.

Around many the business of life keeps its continual bustle. In the constant intermingling of those in business pursuits, their individuality is almost lost and they, being but component parts of the whole mass, are carried about wherever the tide of circumstances may direct. When in such a condition, the distinct, the noble self which nature has given to every man, is almost gone.

Some merge themselves in the more degrading practices of which man is capable. Artificial means or an undue use of the good things which nature has given them, must constantly be employed to animate their sluggish souls and keep up an excitement which shall preserve them from a state of weakness, and unqualified dulness, abhorrent to their whole nature, or prevent the condemnation which must arise from their better part should these means be relaxed. These are almost void of what consti-

tutes a man; they have already nearly reached, or are making swift their course to the line which separates men and brutes. Their noble self is not merely almost lost, it is almost destroyed. Their natural living fire is reduced to a spark. Scarce a trace of the divine image is visible where it should have stood forth in bold relief.

To some a steady uniform course of life seems but an instrument of torture to the mind. Boyish playfulness, youthful merriment and hilarity with fashion in after life, in such abundance as to keep full continually the flow of spirits, are the means it pleases them to employ to make the time pass swiftly by, and bring with quickened pace the future which they view—to the child the period of youth, to the youth the age of manhood, and frequently to the middle aged the term of old age sometimes allotted to man here below. Levity is the God they adore. To them the plodding genius, who watches with solicitude each step he takes, is but the personification of unhappiness, the unfortunate victim of his own dulness. Inspired by the God which they worship, they are hurried thoughtlessly along from stage to stage of life, and often beyond the bounds of time into unchanging eternity. From them, away, dull care, away, sober reflection, lest your sombre hue may cast its gloom over their minds and you be the prison which shall shut out from them the rays so cheering to their souls. These drown their better part in the impetuous flood which stops at no obstacles longer than to exert upon them its irresistible violence, and sweeping them away, rushes on to lose itself in the great receptacle prepared for it.

But when the commotions of business have ceased, and a man's attention is withdrawn from his personal active duties to others; when he is free from the mire of sensuality into which many are drawn and the voice of hilarity and mirth is no more heard, when the external world is all hushed to peace; then can he obtain a full view of the world within; examine it in all its parts and find that rare yet most important knowledge, the knowledge of himself; then can conscience do its part and become the dread punisher of the wrong and the pleasing rewarder of the right; then it is that the dark veil which spreads before the student, concealing from him the object

of his desires, is pierced by occasional rays of light from beyond, followed by others in more and more rapid succession, until it vanishes entirely, to leave before him in full view the happy fruit of his toils and to fill with pleasing scenes his vision of the future.

When, again, the internal world is all in peace ; when, without, neither the torrid sun of summer nor the piercing cold of winter is felt ; when the zephyrs blow but gently and all nature speaks in her softest tones ; then can man feel what he indeed is, and his proper dignity and nobleness manifests itself ; then the frail tenement of his soul may seem scarcely able to hold it ; then, if ever, can the mind rise above the earthly fog which surrounds it, the spirit breathe with freedom and hold communion with other spirits which may chance to be hovering around. These are oases in the desert of life most delightful, though rare ; cheering lights from heaven along the road to the eternal world.

THE AGE OF BLISS.

WE frequently indulge in satirical and unjust remarks on the stupidity and ignorance of past ages, and we delight so much to eulogize our own that boasting has become one of the characteristics of our times. An egotist is unfit to form a true estimate of his own actions, so also is a generation oftentimes unfit to form an impartial estimate of its actions ; the calm judgment of posterity will differ widely from the inflated conceptions which we have of our relative position in the scale of intellectual advancement. The startling discoveries and improvements of our day have inspired us with a vain confidence in our own powers, and we believe the Golden, the Silver, the Brazen and the Iron ages have passed away and that now the age of Bliss has dawned upon the earth.

Former generations knew that man would at some future day erect a great temple of perfection, yet they had too much diffidence to undertake such a work themselves ; with unblushing assurance we have undertaken the task, and be-

lieve that we have completed it. We frequently ascend to the top of the edifice from whence we look into the intricate and dark mazes through which our fathers passed, we drop a tear of sympathy for the frailty of our common nature, as illustrated in their meagre enjoyments of bliss and in their limited attainments in knowledge, and then turn, and looking at our own future prospects, in rapture we exclaim, "thrice, thrice happy age!" Men begin every where to see and feel that a combination of the elements of the intellect and affections can be formed, and that the co-operations of the heart with the mind is not a mere empty pretension. Every new scheme that originates now bears on its frontlet, the word "Philanthropy;" this is the broad basis upon which the inventive genius of the nineteenth century builds its massive and towering monuments. Our reverence for the Philosophers and Sages of antiquity is gone; public sentiment applauds all who can abolish their works and substitute something new by which the bliss of the human race will be augmented. This wonder-working age will not tolerate false theories. It collects and explains the laws of the universe with mathematical accuracy by submitting every thing to the test of experiment. In addition to this it has made the sublime discovery that when the light of Heaven is made the medium through which the phenomena of nature are viewed. Philosophy goes "through nature up to nature's God." In whatsoever aspect we view the relations of the present to past ages, there is abundant material furnished to augment our pride, and there undoubtedly is some reason why we should call ours "the age of Bliss." Thus it has been named, and in our enthusiasm we are wont to associate the idea of great happiness with it,—but our daily intercourse with the affairs of life sadly teaches us that if mankind are ever to enjoy an age of perfect bliss, posterity can revel in that delight,—not we.

We have already intimated that the claim of our age to the title of "blissful," is founded entirely upon its mental and moral illumination. Let us now adduce a few instances to show the absurdity of supposing that bliss necessarily belongs to the enlightened: and here we shall discover one general truth, that as man is elevated above the ignorant in the same ratio is his care and labor of mind increased.

The aeronaut, in his heavenward flight, may seek to get

nearer the sun, yet when he goes far beyond his native atmosphere he will be chilled by cold; so is it with the men of science who transcend the humble limits of knowledge and soar into higher regions. 'Tis true they are nearer the sun of human knowledge,—yet they are in a place where the genial warmth which it is intended to give cannot be felt. 'This is no hyperbole, the author of every great or good scheme has brought it to perfection only by great toil and labor of mind—while thousands enjoy the fruits of his labors who may perhaps be entirely ignorant of its history. The Philosopher may point his far-seeing instrument, and range the very outskirts of Jehovah's dominions, he may sport with the lightnings of Heaven and render them obedient to his dictates, he may indeed ascend

“the loftiest top
Of fame's drear mountain,”

yet he is not happy, his mind still craves for more knowledge, the evening of life finds him wearied and dissatisfied with himself—he goes down to his grave uttering fruitless regrets, and often repeating the well known words, “I have gathered but a few pebbles upon the sea shore, while an ocean yet remains to be explored.” If we wish to find bliss, let us rather go to the abode of him who

“thought the silver morn
That nightly o'er him led her virgin host,
No broader than his father's shield.”

Such a one, we are informed, on the authority of a poet,

“Lived where his father lived, died where he died,
Lived happy and died *happy*.”

Let us not suppose that the man of letters enjoys undisturbed bliss; outward appearances are often strongly deceptive. We may see an author wafted on by the smiles of popular favor to day, but if we follow him into his private retirement to-morrow, we shall behold him under far different circumstances; now suffering perhaps from severe mental labor, then again mortified at seeing the creations of his genius or fancy condemned—and then what is more than all, submit patiently to the lashes inflicted by an unmerciful critic—this is not bliss.

We shall likewise find but little bliss in the life of the statesman. 'Tis true he may be a man “who in a countenance

sublime expresses a nation's majesty," before whom the proudest do not scruple to bow, upon whom rests the prosperity of the state, and around whom cluster the hopes and fears of thousands, his life is but another proof that elevated situations are not always safe; a storm may pass over the land and up root the sturdy oak upon the mountain top, while the weeping willow in the vale below remains unhurt. The life of the statesman is beset with care, trouble and danger; that of the humble, ignorant peasant with happiness.

The same peculiarity exists in every department of learning or science; take any one eminent in his profession and you will find that he is almost a total stranger to bliss. We must not suppose then, that a highly enlightened age always enjoys a corresponding amount of happiness; one conquest, over ignorance provokes another contest. There is a continual grasping after more, the mind of man once aroused enjoys no repose. The characteristic features of our age are constant activity and labor of mind—if these are hostile to what some would term happiness, we may safely conclude that ours is not the "age of bliss."

AUTUMN.

She hath gone, the gorgeous summer—
Yet on path, and wood, and hill,
The traces of her fairy feet
Are lingering brightly still;
And, as the sunlight paling
On evening leaves its flush,
In the shadowy arms of Autumn
Still we revel in her blush.

Art thou gone, oh lovely summer?
I am wandering where the trees,
The grand high priests of nature,
Swing their censors to the breeze:
Swing perfumes on the hazy air,
While through the arches dim
Come far, and sweet, and solemnly,
Their murmured mystic hymn.

I am wandering through the forests,
Through the summer woods—but lo!

There droops and sways a yellow flag
Amid the green beech bough,
And from the tufts of waving fern
Spring shafts of only gold,
And the lone grass moanest whisperingly
When rising winds are bold.

And the balm flower by the streamlet,
The thistle down that sails
A fairy craft o'er mount and mead
Urged on by mimic gales:
The golden rods bright glancing
Where the calm and sunny light
Falls trickling through the woven leaves,
These whisper of thy flight.

Alas! alas! for summer gone,
Alas! when death his snow
Shall heap upon her rosy lips
And on her radiant brow!
Alas! alas! for darker days
When nature pale with dread,
Shall stand a stricken Niobe,
Alone amid her dead.

AUBRIAN.

THE GROWTH OF THE SOUL.

WHEN "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," when all the bright angelic host united their celestial voices in that grand, harmonious concert of the skies, it was not without some corresponding reason for praise and exultation. A new and glorious exhibition of Almighty power and infinite wisdom had been made, in celebration of which, the angels and arch-angels of God might well raise their hallelujahs and touch their golden harps. The long-silent kingdoms of chaos and "old night" had been invaded, and, from their dark midst, the Almighty had called forth a universe and stamped it with magnificence and beauty, and arrayed it in light serene. In the beautiful language of the poet, "Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined." And when the great Creator had called forth the universe from the darkness of nonentity and lighted it up by the many bril-

liant starry-lamps, which he had hung out like a vast chandelier in the skies, when he had carpeted the earth with variegated beauty, and made it vocal with the warblers of nature, he made *man*, august, wonderful, complicate man. Then, no wonder that "the empyrean rung with hallelujahs;" then, methinks, each golden harp in Heaven was strung anew, and sent forth, if possible, still more melodious tones. For this production of Jehovah's power did far transcend all that had preceded it. And now let us inquire what it was that exalted man thus far above the rest of God's creation. It was not the symmetry and perfection of his physical frame, for that though wonderful, was made of dust, and like all that had been made before was material and void of sense. When, from the virgin earth, the Great First-Cause had made this *part* of man, there it lay, upon the cold breast of its mother earth, a motionless, senseless, lifeless *thing*; and there it might have lain forever, had the Almighty left it thus; but, when He "breathed into it the breath of life and he became a living *soul*;" then, he rose up in the image of his God. It was the *soul* that made him *man*. This soul, this mind of man, is a mystery which the wisdom of the world has never yet been able to explain. We know not *what* it is, nor *where* it is. The mind cannot comprehend mind. The image of its Maker which was originally stamped upon it, and which has never been *entirely* erased, stands, like the inexplicable hieroglyphics upon some antique monument of former magnificence. It can be read, only by those beings who beheld the greatness and grandeur of which it tells. But though this God-like part of man is so involved in mystery, there is one property which is clearly manifested in the history of every soul, and which cannot be mistaken. I mean the *growth* of the soul. As the seed, which is dropped into the earth, springs up and becomes a tree, "with its roots firmly clinched around the tight ribs of the globe," and its branches extended, so that the fowls of the air lodge upon its boughs, and even the beasts of the field repose in its shade, so the soul, from the first dawn of reason, strengthens and expands, until the abstruse principles of science find a lodgement in its vast receptacles.

As the little murmuring stream, that rises on some mountain side, at first seems to wind its way with difficulty among the few craggy rocks that lie about its source, but, as it flows

on, and is continually fed by tiny drops of rain and little tributary streams, becomes broader and deeper and swifter, and rushes on with continually increasing violence, sweeping away every thing that may oppose its downward flow; so the soul, in its infancy, seems to toil and struggle in the very *rudiments* of knowledge, but as it becomes older and is constantly fed with instruction, little by little, it becomes strong and active, and grapples successfully and triumphantly with the most formidable intricacies, and sweeps away every obstacle that scepticism and ignorance may throw across its heavenward way. As a spark of fire, when it is gently fanned and placed in contact with some combustible substance, spreads until it bursts into a flame, and casts its light and heat on all around it; so the soul, at first a *spark*, when it is fanned by the gentle breezes of instruction, and permitted to take hold, at first, upon the lighter shavings of knowledge, and then, upon the more solid substance itself, waxes brighter and brighter until it shines as a star of the first magnitude, in the firmament of talent.

But, as the tree will not become large and flourishing in soil that is neglected and barren; as the gurgling rivulet will not become the impetuous torrent without supplies from tributary streams, or from the cisterns of the sky; as the spark will not become the flame, unless it is placed in contact with some inflammable substance; so the *soul* will not become *gigantic* in its powers and faculties, unless it is carefully and skillfully cultivated, and supplied with knowledge proportionate to its increasing demands by the streams that flow from the crystal fount of learning. True the soul will *grow*, although comparatively neglected, but it will always be dwarfish in comparison with those that are raised to giant strength by careful cultivation.

It shall never be said of the soul, "it has its growth." Its growth will be perpetual, and continual. When this world shall have been dissolved, "when all the sister planets shall have decayed," when nature herself shall have uttered her last groan, and yielded to the power of destruction, the soul will have but just commenced an existence that shall be lasting as its eternal creator; and as it will be but in the beginning of its existence, so too, it will be an infant in knowledge, but as it rambles, in its "new and glorious body," over the "hills of immortality," and along the stream of life that

"flows hard-by the throne of God," and rises from glory to glory, it will continue to increase in knowledge, and wisdom and strength, while eternity endures. S. D.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

EVERY enlightened American desires to see his country blessed with a National Literature. It is true we already boast of some productions, embodying the laborious results of scientific research, profound speculations upon human nature; and splendid creations of fancy, in which any nation might glory. But why are these productions comparatively few? Does it proceed from causes that are permanent, or are they such as time will remove? Is there anything in our situation, government, or past history that can influence unfavorably the intellectual character of our country, or may we still hope for further eminence in science and literature? It has been asserted that climate, and natural scenery, have powerful influence on the intellectual character of a nation. If so no nation has more to hope for from the operations of these causes. In no country has nature manifested her power upon so grand and magnificent a scale; here we are presented with every variety of scenery, from the softness and delicate beauty of the sunny climes of Italy, to the wild sublimity and grandeur of the Grampian Hills of Scotland. Does our form of government condemn us to inferiority in literature? We answer no, we find a complete and practical refutation of the theory that asserts the deteriorating influence of republican government on literature, in the genius that flourished at Athens in the days of her democracy, and in Italy before the government was wrested from the hands of her people. But another reason assigned for our literary inferiority, may require a fuller notice as it is more strongly insisted upon. It is often said America is not classic ground, and that it affords none of these illusions that mould the poetic mind, and supply genius with the materials for superior exertion. Now although this deficiency of our country in fine classic and legendary associations, may have mingled in some small degree, with other

causes in producing our dearth of National Literature ; yet the influence of this cause has been much less than has been commonly estimated ; for *where* are now the poets and orators of Greece, or *where* is her literature. Her sons now wander among the memorials of her former greatness, with their hearts untouched, and their genius unawakened by the recollections of her ancient grandeur. As with Greece so it is with Italy, how little has she contributed of late to the advancement of Literature and Science.

What then, it may be enquired, are the causes that have retarded the advancement of American Literature ? In answering this question we affirm that our inferiority in this respect is almost entirely owing to the comparative youth of the country, and to the state of society ; the latter having been such as to invite more to active enterprise and commercial transactions and to refuse sufficient encouragement to exclusive literary effort and scientific research. America is in her childhood, and we may yet hope to see her excel those nations in Literature and the Arts, that saw the light centuries before.

But the influence of this cause will soon cease to be felt ; and that spirit of untiring activity that has already made us the first of nations, is still operating with unabated vigour throughout our country ; and promises to raise us to future eminence in Science and Literature.

L.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WE have read somewhere in a late publication, declaring itself to be "An Account of the Life and Adventures" of a certain "Bachelor Butterfly," that the thoughtful individual in question, previous to entering upon the close and serious affinities of matrimonial alliance; wisely propounded to himself the two following questions: Firstly, "whether he were essential to the happiness of his beloved" Dorothy? and secondly, (which, by the way, was a matter of sterner consideration.) "Whether 'Dorothy,' with all her charms, was essential to his?" Whether these questions were severally disposed of to the entire satisfaction of the above mentioned gentleman we need not stop to enquire, nor is it material to our purpose; and although some may consider the latter as containing a greater degree of selfishness than is usually found in the mind of an ardent lover, looking forward to the solemnization of the hymenial rites; still there is so much prudence and foresight exhibited in the foregoing inquiry that we cannot withhold our admiration. It is clearly the act of a man who is about to take an important step, who wishes to anticipate a little as to the result, and not like the celebrated Mr. "Winkle," walk calmly out of the frying-pan into the fire. It would be well if many others similarly situated, would act in a similar manner; for then those innocent outbreaks which constitute the excitement of married life at the present day, and are generally termed by the world "Family Quarrels," would be wholly done away with, and the wretched "Caudle" been spared the pain of recording the nocturnal lectures of his affectionate spouse. But to come more directly to our subject. The present Editors feel that this short quotation from the life of so distinguished a personage, is extremely applicable to

themselves in their official capacity. We also would propound two questions, or rather the same questions, slightly modified in their point of application, and may it not be found so difficult for our readers to discover our "point of application:" as it is to define a point of like nature, which we retain some faint recollection of having once hunted for amid the mists and obscurity of philosophy. Alas! we would say "en passant," that we never can forget that hunt; it was to us very much like seeking for a needle in a hay-stack. After the manner then, of the aforesaid "bachelor," we would ask firstly—Whether the "Monthly" is essential to the happiness of the "Students of Princeton College?" and secondly—Whether the "Students" are essential to the happiness or well-being of the "Monthly?" The former of these questions we are not disposed to press to any great length for several reasons: it might, in the first place, be deemed egotistical for us to endeavour to prove that we hold, as it were, in our hands the transient pleasure of any set of individuals; besides, Editors have feelings like other men, and our investigations on the first point, might not terminate as agreeably as we could wish: it might turn out in the end, that our "College" could possibly manage to get along quite well without the "Nassau Monthly," and then where would we be, its supervisors and directors? low down in the minority. No, we will let that pass, and assume rather the complimentary. Whether the "Students" are not essential to the well being of the "Monthly." It is quite amusing sometimes to think how this question has heretofore been answered by the majority of our College. They appear to forget that our periodical like every thing else in this world, is but endowed with a precarious existence, and think that when our progenitors compiled a work of thirty-six pages, and christened it the "Nassau Monthly," that they then gave birth to a certain nondescript substance, which by the usual course of vegetation, was to go on re-producing itself, and appear regularly

the "first Wednesday of every month during term time," without the aid of any external circumstances. Nothing is more common than to hear the inquiry, "when will the 'Nassau Monthly' make its appearance?" but no one seems to think for a moment, that they are individually concerned in the character it must assume, or that such character, whatever it may be, is considered as a fair exponent of the College of New Jersey.

We know of no situation so harassing, and at the same time so ridiculous amid all its troubles, as that of an "Editor of the Monthly," in its present state. They form a part of that number of unfortunate individuals of whom it may be truly said, little is given but much will be required. A small meagre talent in the shape of defaced and worthless contributions is entrusted to our care, and this, by some rule of "Arithmetical" or "Geometrical Progression," is expected to be wrought together into a mighty whole, and returned in a perfect, regular form to its original donors. We were walking to the "office" the other day, cheered on, as usual, by the vague hope of finding "our box" stocked with a goodly supply of "articles," picturing to ourselves the Printer busy in setting up his types, and, in fine, walking with perfect ease over all the obstacles attendant upon the "getting out" of a number. But we were again doomed to be disappointed, and as we gazed vacantly upon Box No. 1, which, in comparison with its more opulent neighbours, actually seemed to have put on a lonesome, dreary appearance, we could but think that the following, suggested at the time by a friend, would be a good addition to the list of articles lately advertised for the "Smithsonian Institute." "The budget of contributions that the Editor of the Monthly expected to find when he went to the Post Office." In short we are generally looked upon as conjurors, dealers in the black art, who, like the "Fakir of Ava," in his celebrated exhibition of the hat filled with roses, merely have

to run our hand in the "Monthly Box" and stir up contributions of all shapes and sizes at our pleasure. But as Editors we would utterly disclaim the use of any such unseen mysterious power; knowing, as we do, that the human aid we might receive, would, of itself, be amply sufficient. Let every one then make this a matter of serious consideration, and endeavour to persuade himself that, as long as our periodical remains in existence, it becomes his duty to contribute partially to its sustenance.

Everything in our neighbourhood is gradually rising toward perfection, and surely we should not permit any work connected with our College to continue on the decline. Our village has already thrown aside the clownish rusticity of the country town, and far outstripping in the race its adjoining rivals "Kingston" and "Penns Neck"—is rapidly advancing to take her stand among the fairer cities of our prosperous land. A jail has recently been erected, and honored with the lofty appellation of the "Town House," and as the increase of crime is always coincident with the increase of every thing else, this is but another strong proof of our state of advancement. Concerts too, and other fashionable exhibitions of a similar nature, are now things of daily occurrence—the soft tones of the "violin" have scarcely ceased to vibrate in the ears of the enraptured populace: before we are drowned by a harmony of sweet sounds, dragged forth from a grand piano, "made expressly for the Performer by Chickering of Boston." Halls which formerly echoed only to the voice of the Philosopher or the Chemist, have been appropriated lately to the use of Musical Fund Associations—and filled to overflowing with a gaping crowd, the majority of whom, have as much idea of the performance, as the stuffed fish, fowls, and butterflies, that ornament their walls. An entirely new life appears to have been infused into the town of Princeton, and we have actually heard that it is the intention of the good people to run an "Omnibus"

from one extremity of the village to the other—which is to make the trip exactly fifty times per day, and never fail to transport, at least, five passengers.

But the most sensible move ever made by Princetonians, and that which bears most clearly on its face the certain evidence of our improvemeet—consists in an ordinance made and approved by the “City Council,” that “no dog should run at large unmuzzled.” “Oh Council,” had you but extended this law a little; and included certain persons under this restriction, that we might readily name—how happy would have been the consequences. We, the present generation would have blessed you—and declared it an imperative duty, upon those who should come after us.

But the short time that we are permitted to converse with you, gentle reader, is drawing to a close. We must therefore take a hurried view of some of the contributions that lie scattered about our table, and then deliver our number, imperfect as it may be, into your hands.

And in spite of the many inconveniences that we have mentioned as besetting the Editor, we cannot but acknowledge that the opportunity thus afforded us of holding brief conversation with the patrons of the Monthly, is altogether pleasing. It is, as the old adage sets forth, “killing a great many birds with one stone,” speaking a great many particular things, as it were, in a general way. The pleasant part of our task is however ended, and we come now to pass through the dread ordeal—to wade through the conglomerated mass of ink and paper that lies before us—and form if possible a mild opinion of productions, concerning which the several authors would probably feel puzzled to give their own.

The first article that demands our consideration, comes in the shape of a number of verses, scrawled in bright blue ink upon several scraps of paper, and claiming very modestly for its author, “One of the B’hoys.” We were not aware

that this distinguished class of individuals in their course of emigration, had yet reached our quiet retreat—as it is however, we have in this fact, but another proof of our above mentioned rise toward perfection. This gentleman who sees, or rather thinks he sees, “glory in all things,” would seem at first to form an exception to the general rule that pervades his tribe—but upon reading his effusion we find that he by no means disgraces his honourable fraternity—he is most decidedly “One of ‘em.” But we will permit the individual in question to speak for himself.

“There’s radiant glory every where,
On every side it glows,
Where’er we are, where’er we go
Glory its splendor throws,
There’s glory in the morning beam,
And on the brow of night,
There’s glory in a jolly spree,
And glory in a fight.”

“B’hoy” permit us to interrupt you here one moment, and say emphatically we believe you.

“There’s glory in the storm clouds pall,
And in the skies deep blue,
There’s glory in yon twinkling star,
And in an “Oyster Stew.”
Old Time’s fleet wings are spangled o’er
With glory as he flies,
But brighter glory shines from out
My Nancy’s coal black eyes.

“There’s glory in affliction’s touch,
And in all earthly woes,
There’s glory, glory in our corns,
When’er we stub our toes—
There’s glory in sweet summer’s prime,
And in the dying year,
There’s glory in pale autumn’s sky,
And glory in good beer.

“There’s radiant glory every where,
On every side it glows,
Where’er we are, where’er we go,
Glory its splendor throws—
North, west, east, south, above, below,
We nought but glory see,
But oh, to live on turtle soup,
Is glory enough for me.”

Surely the author's ideas of glory are perfectly characteristic. What an eye for the sublime that "B'hoy" must have. Carlyle himself could never have discovered glory in such gross substances. We would say to him, go on, pursue a steady, undeviating course—and probably his dreams of glory, such as they are, may at some future day be realized.

Ours is decidedly a Poetical age. Every one seems to have mounted their Pegasus—and striking the spur deep into his side, galloped madly off, with their eyes fixed upon some mammoth Nassau Monthly, and their ideas flying wildly about, Lord knows whither. Our table is now weighed down by the effusions of these youthful aspirants—individuals, who seem to revel in what has been called the "ecstasy of woe"—and who have followed the gloomy Byron, as a model, in every thing but his club foot and talents. Read the following from the pen of some sentimental gentleman; surely fancy even for its own amusement, never conjured up a wilder set of demons, than those which appear to haunt the mind of the author. All the dire grim visaged spectres of the Past, have been combined with the most awful creations of the Present to describe his grief. Hard-hearted indeed must his lady love have been, if her tender feelings remained unawakened by such an appeal—even though they might not excite the tear of pity, his verses were well calculated to frighten a female of ordinary sensibilities, into some show of sympathy.

"Now fates descend—no brilliant guiding star-gleam
Pierces my sunless night with radiant beam,
Nor, like Bethlehem's star lends, its burnished sheen,
To guide me where infant happiness is seen.
Despair its raven pall o'er my pathway spreads,
And girds the dismal Future with Gorgon heads,
Whose strange gory drops where'er they fall around,
With envenomed Hydra's infest the ground—
While in my bosom, gloom sister of Despair,
Triumphs, and holds her dark, sunless revels there."

Friend, when next you feel like making a similar lamen-

tation, pray, betake yourself to some distant wood—stones and trees might perhaps listen with some degree of safety—but mortals like ourselves, must, we think, run considerable risk.

Another correspondent who favors us with a "Serenade," and who has numbered all his verses very carefully down the side of the page, fearing perhaps that we might forget to give him credit for exactly six stanzas, each line beginning with a capital. After having described in glowing language to his attentive mistress, the relative situation of the moon, the dew drop, the dove, the owl, the herd, and the Fairy Queen—and having accurately noted their several occupations at that precise moment—ends thus:

"Then wake my Mary bright,
And listen to thy William's lay,
Thou'rt fairer to him than fairy's sprite
That floats in the moon's silvery ray."

With what feelings the "fair Mary" listened to her "William's" lay, we know not with any degree of certainty; but if we are ever permitted to judge others by ourselves, we can easily make the supposition in the present case, that the window yielded not to the pressure of the soft hand—and that the amorous "William" was forced to take his lonely way, without one sign or token of approval.

There are several other articles remaining in our possession, which with one or two exceptions, it will be useless to notice. The author of the "Dire Passion," would do well to choose for his next essay a more interesting subject—by care and attention to his style, he may become a pleasing writer. We would advert for one moment to the very polite note attached to an article upon "Indolence and Industry," by "E. H." He says, "should you judge this worthy of acceptance, please correct mistakes, and modify where in your good judgment it needs it, and by so doing oblige, Yours, etc. E. H."

Now we would most readily oblige friend E. H., and feel also highly gratified for his compliment to our "good judg-

ment;" but to say the least of it, time will not permit us to perform the duties of censor, to the many compositions we may receive. Let him write next time with greater care, and we will then oblige both the author and ourselves by inserting it in the Monthly.

And now, readers, we have fulfilled our task—we have apologised for keeping you in waiting, so long a time, for such a trifling recompense. It was our duty, to introduce to your kindly consideration the "Nassau Monthly," and we only delayed in order that it might obtain suitable apparel for such an important era in its existence. That apparel has been now furnished to the best of our abilities; but it is for you to determine as to our taste in the selection, and whether the suit, (which by the way is at present its "Sunday-go-to-meeting") is a becoming one. You may perhaps think the cut rather outlandish, and even old fashioned, but really we could do no better—material was scarce—the tailors were exorbitant in their charges, and Princeton, you know, never was remarkable for being very fashionable in any thing. Before we close, permit us to urge once more upon your consideration, the necessity of individual exertion in order to sustain our Periodical in a becoming manner; until this truth be realised, it can succeed no better, for Editors by their single endeavors, can accomplish nothing. Let every one persuade himself that he is a necessary man; let all feel some pride in our little book, and it will rise to be, what it has never yet been, a fair exponent of the talent of our College. If this be done, not only the last, but both the questions with which we headed our Editorial, will be answered to our utmost satisfaction.

The Monthly will have become a source of pleasure and amusement to all, and consequently essential to the happiness of the students of Princeton College; and what is by far more important, the students will have become convinced, that they are most essential to the happiness and well being of the Monthly.

Key.